BATTLEWORLD

SIEGE

#4

GILLEN
ANDRADE
LARRAZ
CHOO
SIENKIEWICZ
ROSENBERG
HERRING

SECRET WARS

MARVEL

YOU'RE THANOS.

I AM.

HELLO.

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

NO!

I AM HERE TO *TALK.*

IF YOU ARE NOT MORE CIVIL...

...I WILL BE FORCED TO REACTIVATE *THE FURY.*

OH, HELL.

STAND DOWN, KANG.

NOW, I'M SURE YOU HAVE A SMALL CELL SUITABLE FOR A MONSTER SUCH AS I...

"...TAKE ME THERE."

WELL. YOU'VE GOT YOUR ROOM AND BOARD.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

UNTIL RECENTLY, I HAVE BEEN OUT IN THE LANDS TO THE SOUTH. I KNOW MUCH ABOUT THE ATTACKS COMING. I HAVE HAD A CERTAIN INVOLVEMENT.

I WILL SHARE WHAT I KNOW OF OUR PREDICAMENT. PERHAPS IT WILL BE OF USE.

RUMBLE RUMBLE

WE'LL THINK ABOUT IT.

GRIMM! GIVE US AN EXIT!

NOW WE'RE ALONE...

...BEN GRIMM? DO YOU HEAR ME, BEN GRIMM?

RUMBLE RUMBLE

WHATCHA MEAN "*BEN*"?

I CAME HERE TO SHARE WHAT I KNOW, BUT NOT WITH *THEM*.

IT IS *YOU* I WOULD TALK WITH.

THIS WILL TAKE SOME TIME.

SIEGE

WHAT ARE YOU FIGHTING FOR?

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THE MULTIVERSE WAS DESTROYED.

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NOW, ALL THAT REMAINS...IS **BATTLEWORLD**!

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THE MORE CIVILIZED DOMAINS TO THE NORTH ARE PROTECTED FROM THE VIOLENT, UNGOVERNABLE TERRITORIES TO THE SOUTH BY THE **SHIELD**, A PLANET-SPANNING WALL MADE FROM **BEN GRIMM**.

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SHIELD COMMANDER ABIGAIL BRAND LED FORCES COMPOSED OF EXILES FROM OTHER TERRITORIES, INCLUDING THE **ENDLESS SUMMERS** CLONES (NOW QUITE FEW IN NUMBER), TIME-TRAVELING **KANG THE CONQUEROR**, **LEONARDO DA VINCI**, **LADY KATE BISHOP**, AND **AMERICA CHAVEZ**, AGAINST A MASSIVE ULTRON INVASION LED BY THE CORRUPTED FORMER SHIELD COMMANDER **NICK FURY**. DESPITE LOSING MANY GOOD MEN (AND TWO SHOCKINGLY GOOD ROBOTS), THEY WERE VICTORIOUS.

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THEN **THANOS** SHOWED UP.

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WE'VE LIVED TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY. BUT NOT MUCH LONGER THAN THAT. WELCOME TO THE SHIELD. PROBABLY BEST TO NOT GET TOO COMFORTABLE.

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I AM, WITH NO FALSE MODESTY, A PARAMOUNT GENIUS. I HAVE CONCEIVED OF SUCH WONDER TO RAISE THE BAR OF HUMAN ENDEAVOR. THE GRAND AERIAL GYROTANK! THE AVID D-STATUE!

THE GREAT ANTI-PROBLEMIZING COLLABORATION OF THE ENLIGHTENMENT CANNON ITSELF...

...BUT ALL MINE PALE COMPARED TO THE SIMPLE PIZZA. I AM HUMBLED WITH EVERY BITE.

IT'S OKAY. YOU SHOULD TRY AN NYC SLICE OFF MANHATTAN AND 425,246TH.

WHERE I'M FROM, WE HAVE PARSNIPS!

THE VEGETABLE OF KINGS!

I FEEL THAT PARSNIPS ARE *NOT* COMPETITIVE IN THIS CONVERSATION.

COMMANDER BRAND IS COMMANDER BRAND. SHE'S NOT EASY.

BUT IF WE'RE STILL ALIVE AT THE END OF THE DAY, SHE GETS US PIZZA.

SHE'S NOT GOOD AT SHOWING SHE CARES.

BUT SHE DOES.

SUMMERS. DA VINCI. ENOUGH FRATERNIZING.

BRAND WANTS TO INTERROGATE THE PRISONER...

"...LET'S SEE WHAT HE HAS TO SAY."

THE SITUATION IS QUITE SIMPLE. I CANNOT STAND THE FALSE GOD THAT IS DOOM ANYMORE. I WOULD END THIS CHARADE.

ALONG THE WAY, I HAVE DONE A TERRIBLE THING, IN PART AS A DISTRACTION, BUT AT LEAST IN PART FOR MY OWN AMUSEMENT.

I ENDED THE ANTAGONISTIC BALANCE BETWEEN THE DENIZENS OF THE SOUTHERN ZONE. AFTER A PERIOD OF SOME SMALL CONFUSION, THEY'VE ALIGNED THEMSELVES, AND ARE HEADING NORTH. THEY WILL CRUSH THE WALL AND THEN WAGE WAR ON DOOM'S LIES.

I WISH YOU THE BEST AND HOPE YOU FIGHT AND DIE BRAVELY.

YOU COULD EXECUTE ME, BUT I FEAR THAT YOU'LL NEED HOURS TO WORK OUT HOW TO PERFORM THAT FEAT, AND THE ATTACK BEGINS IN...

THREE, TWO, ONE...

ULTIMATE DANGER ALERT!

GET ANYONE IN WHO CAN STAND. GET THE THORS.

TIME TO DIE.

Abigail Brand's War Journal.

All we had were battles. The whole Shield was a warzone. I can only really talk about where I was. The rest was little voices in my headset, relating stories of victory and death:

"The magpie-faced boy can't swallow any more. He's having to regurgitate a universe. We've moved Galact-USA The Great Consumer to the front line, but it's not going to be enough..."

"Jack of Hearts, the cardiac golem, is losing aortic pressure. The Winter Soldiers are being torn apart by the Springmaster's seasonal circus. The Serpent Society has opened their membership to other reptilian species."

"Something something Squirrel Girl something something she's dead! She's dead! No, she's fine."

I did my best, watching as the Kitty Pride defended fallen Lockheed long enough for the Fantastic Thors to sweep in and clean up. I was so proud of them all.

The Shieldguards there were the best they've ever been.

We all knew it wouldn't be enough.

But what other damn option was there?

STILL THINKING OF MY WORDS?

DOESN'T MATTER IF EVERYTHIN' ELSE YOU'VE SAID IS TRUE.

I... DON'T BELIEVE YOU.

KNOW THIS: WHERE WE CAME FROM, WE ARE ENEMIES, GRIMM. WE HAVE FOUGHT MANY TIMES. YOU ARE EVERYTHING I DESPISE.

BACK THERE, I HAVE A LOVE. EVEN THERE, I WILL NEVER SEE HER FACE AGAIN EXCEPT IN THE MOMENT OF MY DEATH.

IF I DIE IN *THIS* WORLD, THE FACE I SEE WILL BE DOOM'S.

I WILL NOT SUFFER THIS.

WHO'S THE BROAD?

DEATH HERSELF.

LEMME GUESS. YOU LIKE THE CHEEKBONES?

THIS IS NO TIME FOR YOUR SULLEN WIT, GRIMM.

THINK. HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN HERE?

I DON'T KNOW. THERE'S JUST BEEN ME AND THE BEATING.

EVERY DAY, EVERY PENCIL-NECKED MONSTER HAS A CRACK.

THAT IS AN EXQUISITE TORTURE.

WHY DOES DOOM HATE YOU *SPECIFICALLY* SO MUCH, GRIMM?

WHERE WE ARE FROM, YOU ARE THE CLOSEST FRIEND OF HIS GREATEST ENEMY. YOU HAVE SHAMED HIM TIME AND TIME OVER.

DOOM IS A PETTY USURPER OF POWERS FAR GRANDER THAN HIMSELF.

SPEAKING AS ONE WHO HAS FELT THE UNIVERSE WRITHE IN HIS CLENCHED FIST, OMNIPOTENCE SHOULD NOT BE LEFT TO A MORTAL SUCH AS HE.

YOU SAYING NONE OF THIS IS THE REAL DEAL? THE WHOLE OF BATTLEWORLD IS JUST A BIG LOAD OF OLD BALONEY?

NO, IT'S REAL. IT'S AS REAL AS ANYTHING.

IT'S JUST NOT REALITY AS IT *SHOULD BE.*

WE WILL BREAK THROUGH, NO MATTER WHAT COURSE OF ACTION YOU CHOOSE.

ALL YOU WILL DO IS SLOW THEM DOWN, AND MAYBE WEAKEN THEM ENOUGH THAT THE RESULTANT DISTRACTION WILL NOT BE SUFFICIENT.

I'VE A RESPONSIBILITY. THE SHIELD PROTECTS A WHOLE BUNCHA PEOPLE.

IT DOES. BUT ALL YOU ARE DOING IS FIGHTING TO SAVE THIS HELLISH WORLD. THAT FIGHT WILL *NEVER* END.

THERE IS A *BETTER* WORLD.

IT WOULD BE BETTER IF YOU FOUGHT FOR *THAT*.

ENLIGHTENED!

I'M A LOGICAL CONTRADICTION!

ME TOO!

LET'S LIE DOWN.

AND THERE GOES ANOTHER WAVE.

I NEVER STOP BEING IMPRESSED BY THE ENLIGHTENMENT CANNON, LEO.

PLEASE. ANSWERING THE SMALL QUESTIONS LIKE WHETHER THE LIVING DEAD ARE A PHILOSOPHICAL CONTRADICTION IS BUT A SMALL THING.

MY FRIEND AND I HOPED THIS CANNON WOULD SOLVE FAR GRANDER PROBLEMS! IT IS WHY WE WERE THE VITRUVIAN MAN IN THE FIRST PLACE.

KNOWLEDGE IS THE POWER ON WHICH IT RUNS. IT USES OUR KNOWLEDGE, OUR VERY SELVES TO ANSWER THE QUESTIONS. MY FRIEND...HE THREW HIMSELF INTO IT, SHALL WE SAY. MORE THAN I. HE ALWAYS WAS THE MORE DETERMINED.

AH, THE GREAT WORK BETWEEN MY FRIEND AND I. WE FLEW TOO CLOSE TO THE SUN. IN MANY WAYS, WE WERE THE SUN...

OH, AMERICA. I FEAR I HAVE TAKEN A SPLASH FROM THE ENLIGHTENMENT CANNON. I SEE NOW...

I AM BUT A GIRL WITH SOME AGGRESSIVELY SHARPENED STICKS FACING A HORDE THAT WOULD CRUSH THAT OF DOOM HIMSELF.

WHY FIGHT ON?

YOU FIGHT ON BECAUSE IT'S STILL A FIGHT. HOLD ON. WE'RE NOT DONE YET. AND "GIRL"? PLEASE.

YOU'RE A *PRINCESS.*

OWN IT.

YOU TOO.

HEY, LEO. I NEED YOU TO HIT ME WITH THAT BIG DUMB CANNON OF YOURS.

MY FRIEND, GRIMM.

NOW IS NOT THE TIME.

IT IS THE TIME, AS TIME'S THE THING WE'RE RUNNIN' OUTTA!

WHATEVER IS SUCH A PRESSING QUESTION?

THE BIG ONE.

"WHY ARE WE HERE?"

TO EVEN HAVE A CHANCE OF ANSWERING *THAT* QUESTION WOULD TAKE EVERYTHING OF THE VITRUVIAN MAN. I WOULD HAVE TO THROW *ALL* OF HIM INTO IT!

I WOULD LOSE THE VITRUVIAN MAN. I WOULD LOSE *HIM!*

LEONARDO!

IT WILL END ME. BUT NOW *IS* THE END...AND WE KNOW FROM THE ERA OF CLASSICAL DOOM THAT AN UNEXAMINED LIFE IS NOT WORTH LIVING. IF WE ARE TO DIE, LET US DIE KNOWING!

MY LEONARDO.

MY MICHELANGELO.

IT IS DONE! ENLIGHTEN US!

ENLIGHTENMENT MAX!

OOF!

I AM... DONE.

MICHELANGELO! WHAT IS THE TRUTH?

YOU, LEONARDO. YOU WERE ALWAYS MY TRUTH. GOODBYE.

THE PURPLE FELLA ISN'T LYING! IT'S ALL A DAMN LIE!

RUMBLE RUMBLE

THANOS, I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO PUNCH YOU OR HUG THE HELL OUT OF YOU.

RUMBLE RUMBLE

FUGGETIT. I DO.

KRRK

WHAT NOW?

DOOM HAS ASKED YOU TO LIVE ON YOUR KNEES. EVERY DAY OF THIS LIFE, HE'S BEATEN YOU AS YOU LIE THERE.

WHAT DO YOU DO?

YOU STAND UP.

WHAT TIME IS IT, BEN GRIMM?

WHAT TIME IS IT?

WE EXAMINED LIFE. WE KNEW ALL. MY LIGHT IS GONE.

IF AN UNEXAMINED LIFE IS NOT WORTH LIVING, WHAT IS A LIFE WORTH AFTER ALL *HAS* BEEN EXAMINED?

IT DOES WHAT GOOD IT STILL CAN.

SO ONE LAST FLIGHT TOO CLOSE TO THE--

THE HELL!

THE HELL!

Abigail Brand's War Journal.

We were all on the Shield because we chose to be. We could always leave. It was our sense of duty that made us stay here.

That included Grimm, the backbone of the Shield itself.

Miles of it were just gone. The rest would be left to collapse. The Shield as a workable fortification was done.

I don't know what Thanos said to him, but it was enough to make Ben Grimm get up and head to the north, with fists the size of city blocks.

He shouted something. It was like a chain of thunderclaps. No one could hear it. It wasn't made on a scale our ears understood.

In the seconds that followed, Eardevil the Klawyer said he'd managed to take it down to something that wouldn't just pop our eardrums.

It was three words, five syllables.

"It's Clobbering Time."

As far as mysterious last words go, I've heard more enigmatic.

IT IS THE END.

I GO NORTH TO WIN OR DIE. DOOM FALLS.

IT HAS BEEN A PLEASURE.

KANG. I THINK THANOS HAS A DATE WITH THOSE CHRONOMINES...

THE TIMELINE IS CLEAR. THEY'RE LOCALIZED BACKWARDS IN THE STREAM.

THANOS MUST HAVE ARRANGED FOR THEM TO BE HERE UNTIL THIS POINT.

I CAN HAVE SPACE TO MANEUVER. I CAN GET THROUGH. I CAN GO BACK.

I CAN STOP ALL THIS.

YOU *DIED* WHEN YOU TRIED BEFORE, KANG! REMEMBER? WE BOTH SAW YOU DIE!

HE DIED.

I WILL DO BETTER.

YEAH, I THINK WE'VE DONE ALL WE CAN HERE.

LET'S BOUNCE.

WH-- WHO *ARE* YOU?

YOUR TICKET... *OUT OF HERE*, PRINCESS.

SO, DUE TO THE FACT WE'RE HERE AND THE TIMELINE HASN'T REWRITTEN, WE CAN ASSUME THAT KANG FAILED.

GREAT.

I DON'T KNOW.

THERE'RE THEORIES THAT EVERY DECISION YOU MAKE CREATES A WHOLE NEW UNIVERSE. NO MATTER HOW SMALL THE CHANCE, THERE'S A UNIVERSE WHERE KANG FOUND A WAY THROUGH.

HERETICAL. IMPLIES THERE'S MULTIPLE DOOMS.

I'M FINE WITH HERETICAL. WHAT'S DOOM GOING TO DO TO US? SEND US TO THE SHIELD TO BE EATEN BY ZOMBIES?

I'M GOING TO BELIEVE THERE'RE BETTER WORLDS.

SCOTT... THERE WAS NEVER ANYONE LIKE YOU.

Abiqail Brand's War Journal. Final Entry.

I did what I could with what I had.

I did what I could with what I was given.

I did what I could with what I could get.

And *%% you if you think you could have done any better.

Oh, yeah. One last thing...

If Thanos fails and you find yourself fighting on the reconstructed shield...

...good luck, you idiot.

Try not to make the mistakes I did.

Make your own mistakes.

TIME BEFORE THE FALL OF THE SHIELD:

0 DAYS.

THERE WAS NO HOPE.

THE SHIELD FELL.

NOW THERE IS.

ZONE